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Under a Rim of Shade · *Katherine Kane*

It is October as I pray,
the waterfowl are worried
in their dear pear skin.

This morning I saw one
floating wrong on the river
and a strong dog swim.

Now my house-garage
feels like a model
of the first ark, God.

Let the animals in.
Let this be a good roof,
a mainsail,

match me a soul on this trip
if You will.
My woodstove in fall

releases the same warmth
one occasionally feels
standing near a horse.

You who see all can see
the horse my friend carved
by the door. I sometimes

stand him in the grass,
buffed and in two places
cracked, but

his life is not so bad!
I keep having to go back
to old lonelinesses.

Teach me like the river
how to glide in limber,
living in the light there is.